

The Historie

Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his crispe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue so many, and all willingly:
Then let not him be slandered with reuolt.

King. Thou doest bely him Percy, thou doest bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee he durst as well haue met the deuill alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed but sirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you speake of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest meanes,
Or you shall heare in such a kinde from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your sonne,
Send vs your prisoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*

Hot. And if the deuill come and rore for them,
I will not send them: I will after straight
And tell him so, for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

North. What? drunke with choler? stay and pause a while,
Here comes your vnckle. *Enter Wor.*

Hot. Speake of Mortimer?
Zoundes I will speake of him: and let my soule
Want mercie, if I doe not ioyne with him:
Yea, on his part he emptie all these vaines,
And shed my deare blood, drop by drop in the dust,
But I will lift the downe-trod Mortimer
As high in the aire as this vtchankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankerd Bullingbrooke.

North. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

Wor. Who strooke this heate vp after I was gone?

Hot. He will forsooth haue all my prisoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranfome once agayne
Of my wiues brother, then his cheekes lookt pale,

of Henric the fourth.

And on my face he turn'd an eie of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.

Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaim'd
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood?

North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the unhappie king,
(Whose wrongs in vs God pardon) did set forth
Vpon his Irish expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

Wor. And for whose death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Lie scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft I pray you, did king Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer
Heire to the crowne?

North. He did, my selfe did heare it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his coosen king,
That wisht him on the barren mountaines: it rue.
But shall it be that you that set the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake weare the detested blot
Of murderous subornation? shall it be
That you a world of curses vndergo,
Being the agents, or base second meanes,
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather:
O pardon me, that I descend so low,
To shew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this subtil king.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniust behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe Richard that sweet louely Rose,
And plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shooke off
By him, for whom these shames ye vnderwent?

No,